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COULD carry on my Panegyrick on the *Moderns*, thro' numberless Instances more, but finding some Thoughts of Monsieur St. *Everemond*'s on the same Subject, that tally exactly with my Design, I shall beg Leave to conclude with a humble Imitation of it, as being infinitely preferable to any Thing of my own.——'Tis a Discourse in Honour of the present *modish* Principles, and spoken by one, who glories *in his* being an Initiate in such profitable Doctrines.

I have pass'd, Gentlemen, says this honourable Declaimer, thro' all Situations and Fortunes in Life, and upon a Review of the Whole, I find but two Things worthy the Attention of a wise Man: Ways and Means to get Money, and Management and OEconomy to preserve it. Money is the grand Equivalent for all Virtues, and the surest Cloak to conceal or palliate all Vices.

As to Honour 'tis only the Idol of young Men, who have convers'd with foolish Books, and are yet Strangers to the World; fit enough indeed for a Man to begin Life with, because it establishes a Reputation, that will be worth so much the more, when he becomes wise enough to part with it to Advantage.

As for me, I had never any Notion of this Chimera at all. Neither have Duty, Friendship, Gratitude, Loyalty, or Love of Country, that are a Sort of State-Birdlime to intangle little Minds, ever been the least Impediments in my Way. Nature sent me into the World ready furnish'd with the true Principles of Interest, which I have since made my Study to improve and fortify by Experience.

This Providence, which is reproachfully stil'd Avarice, excites the same Thirst after Wealth, that Ambition does for Power, and has requited my Industry with the most solid Advantages: Tho' I can still condescend to stoop to the meanest; as being convinc'd that nothing is to be esteem'd a Trifle, that is an Addition to the Heap: Industry, like Virtue, is its own Reward; and 'tis Ingratitude to one self to refuse the least.

Tho' the Methods of Gain are innumerable, the best and surest is that which is the fartherst from Honesty: Honesty rides our Diligence with a Curb, limits its Progress, and abates its Speed; Whereas its Opposite gives the Rein to pure and natural Self-Love, and by a secret Instinct posts to the Centre of all our Wishes, with a full Career.

'Tis ridiculous to be with held by Honour in this Pursuit, for 'tis an open Enemy to Interest, and absurdly makes us abstain from what is in Reach, and part with what we possess.——As therefore 'tis our Duty to acquire Wealth, so 'tis our Interest to preserve it: As long as we have Money in our Coffers, we shall have Friends and humble Servants at Command. But if we empty them in vain and foolish Liberalities, we shall give the World Leave to be ungrateful, and lose all Services and Compliments at once.

There are but very few who make any Acknowledgments for Favours, and even then the Gratitude is never half the Value of the Benefit——I have therefore, Gentlemen, thought of a most happy Expedient, which is to promise eternally, but very rarely perform.——You will find a Man reaps more Services by Promises, than Obligations: For Men generally endeavour to deserve what they hope from us, but are negligent when they have receiv'd it; as thinking it rather the Effect of their own Merits, than any Goodness in us. However, these are the best Species among the ungrateful, because they undeceive us immediately, and never put us to the Expence of a second Gift.

There are others much more to be fear'd; who are eternally publishing the Good that's done them; and putting others on burthening us with the same Applications: They have always the Names of their Benefactors in their Mouths, and seem to think they can never shew their Gratitude enough.——But what do you think is the Motive of all this mighty Acknowledgment? Why truly they make a Merit of it at last, conclude it gives them a Right to new Pretensions, and, while you think they are only zealous in their Resentments of former Favours, they are cunningly paving the Way to solicit new ones. A pretty Subtlety truly, to make a *Janus* of Gratitude with a Face turn'd at once towards the past and the future.

I would advise you, therefore, to live as if all Men had Designs upon you, and while other People are confin'd by Appearances, and are never undeceiv'd but by Misfortunes, do you secure yourself by a continual Guard upon yourself, and a general Distrust of every Body else.

Hower, you must take particular Care to conceal this Maxim, which, once known would occasion a general Disgust, and make all the World abandon you, which, tho' it would free you from their Designs, would likewise put them out of the Reach of yours. You must therefore, to prevent this, commence Patron sometimes, affect to be generous and magnificent, and even force Nature, to oblige so nobly, that it should puzzle the wisest to discover the Imposture.

To do which effectually, you have only to chuse some great and eminent Object for your Bounty, some Man of distinguish'd Merit, and all Mankind will think themselves Sharers in the Obligations.——After the Noise of so fine an Action enjoy the good Opinion of the World as if you deserv'd it; and countenance the mercenary Applauses of supple Flatterers, and ill Judges, who hope to be rewarded for their venal Adulations. By which Means Men of Character and Virtue will prest to be known to you: Your Enemies to be reconcil'd, your Friends to be oblig'd; and when all the World beside are seduc'd by their Examples into the same Mistake, you may slide insensibly into your former Habits, and those who then discover and expose them, will meet with *Cassandra*'s Fate, disclose real Truths, but never be believ'd.

Your Acquaintance will now become more difficult; to have a bare Sight of you will be no small Condescention in you, or Favour to them; to converse with you will be something to boast of. Your Frowns will drive away the Troublesome, your Smiles satisfy the Foolish; and, to conclude all in one Word, you will dispense Bubbles to others, and reserve Substances for yourself.

To the Author of the WEEKLY REGISTER.

SIR, *August* 11, 1735.

I HOPE my last sent to you on *Suicide* is e'er this dispers'd, and has been read by Multitudes throughout the Nation, as it has in our grand Metropolis. Being willing to contribute my utmost to prevent for the future such a shocking Evil, I send you the inclos'd, which I intreat you to insert in your next. I am

Your humble Servant, &c.

Of SUICIDE.

AS there is not a Nation in *Europe* in which Self-Murder is so frequent as in our own, it is a very melancholy Consideration that there can be no Methods found sufficient to deter us from this detestable Practice, to prevent the Evils which from thence to our Friends and Relations naturally ensue.

Men indeed, that thro' Troubles and Disappointments, thro' real Misfortunes, or a natural Sourness in their Tempers are grown into a Distaste of Life, and weary of themselves are not to be ty'd down by the same Laws that influence others: It is the Fear of Punishment only can keep us in Obedience. Human-Nature is too perverse aud untractable to be subdu'd by more reasonable Means, therefore it must needs be a Matter of the greatest Difficulty (as well as of the utmost Importance) to put a Stop to this growing Evil, the very perpetrating of which renders all Laws hitherto contriv'd against it, vain, and wholly ineffectual.

The Condition of human Life is none of the most eligible; the Variety of Calamities, that even the best State of it is subject to; the Shortness and Uncertainty of its Duration; the Weakness of our Reason; the Want of Fortitude to support ourselves under the least Affliction; the Impetuosity of our Passions; the Disorders they occasion in us, and the little Satisfaction we find in the Enjoyment of them, are sufficient Testimonies of the Truth of this Assertion: We think all our Happiness consists in Novelty; and provided we can but in any Circumstances change our Condition, we care not whether it be for the better or the worse; we have not Judgment to discern our own Good, nor Resolution enough to embrace it if we had; our boasted Wisdom and Abilities may serve to raise our Curiosity, but can never satisfy it: The Knowledge we have only adds to our Unhappiness, 'tis a Misfortune oftimes that we know so much, since we cannot know more; it is chiefly Noise, Ostentation, and Show, and the most we can learn from it, are our own Infirmities and Weaknesses.

Neither is the Remedy consider'd in itself, however represented, worse than the Disease: Upon due Reflection we should find that the terrible Ideas which we are apt to form to ourselves of Death, are only Phantoms of our own Imagination; that there is nothing in it so frightful but it may be lov'd upon with the greatest Tranquillity and Indifference: Men may with Ease reason themselves into a Contempt of it: If it were only a Dissolution of this transitory Being, only to be annihilated, it were no Evil, because we should not be sensible of the Loss. Had we no other Prospects, no Hope of a happy Futurity in View; Were our Expectations, our Desires to end in this Life, the Vanity, the Folly, the Impertinence of it, would justify the laying violent Hands upon ourselves, and to live would be the most senseless and idle Thing a wise Man could do; we should wonder what our Errand here could be; in all Appearance 'twould be too trifling to keep us in Countenance in the Performance of it; and what the antient Sage said of *the Priests of* Rome, *that he was surpriz'd that they who were so well acquainted with the Farce and holy Juggles of their Religion, could see one another without laughing*; might with vastly more Justice be apply'd to all Mankind in general: Is not Life itself a Farce more ridiculous than any we can act? Wherein does the Dignity of Human Nature, the Superiority we claim over other Creatures, discover itself, but in that Immortality which the Author of Nature has assur'd us from his own Mouth is peculiar to us alone? For the rest we are pretty much upon a Level with the other Works of the Almighty, and the Instinct of Brutes answers all the Purposes of living as well and as fully as the Reason of Man: Nay, perhaps, if the Matter was duly examin'd into, the Advantage would lie on their Side: Tho' their Enjoyments may not be so exquisite as ours, they are, at the same Time, free from all our Anxieties and Troubles.

Since therefore we should be in a worse Condition than the Brutes, or any other Animal, unless we were to have some Retribution in another World, it is no Wonder that Men should become their own Murderers, in Proportion as the Belief of a future State lessens in the Esteem of the People; which it must necessarily do, when all Means that can be thought of, are taken to bring it into Contempt; and it is industriously insinuated both in Discourse and Writing to be only a Chimera, or the Dream of some distemper'd Imagination. How prejudicial such heterodox Opinions are to Society, what an Effect they have both upon the Morals and Actions of Men, let this one Article of *Suicide*, which seems to prevail among us in a greater Degree now than ever, be a Witness. Were we to have that just Sense of another Life, and the Certainty of future Rewards and Punishments, which we are taught by the revealed Word of God himself to entertain, we should readily perceive that we have not the Disposal of ourselves so absolutely vested in us, that it is in our Power to put an End to our Being, without offending the Author of it in the highest Manner imaginable, whenever Spleen, Vexation, or the common ill Accidents of Life shall make us out of Humour with it. It was certainly for the best and wisest Ends that we were sent upon a Pilgrimage into this World, tho' they may be past our finding out; however, the whole Universe is as much a Mystery as this; we see perfect Harmony, we see Beauty and Order in every Part

of it, and yet the Design, the Reason for which it was created, is not possible to be guess'd at, at least by Beings imperfect, so short in their intellectual Faculties, as we seem to be. This consider'd, ought we not to leave complaining, and be contented with our Condition here, to bear with Chearfulness and Patience all the Calamities, all the Afflictions which are the undoubted Portion of this Life, and are inseparably annex'd to our very Nature; to desist from our vain and useless Enquiries after such Things as can never be known; to wait the Determinations of Providence, and to rest intirely satisfy'd in the Assurance that in the End he will order every Thing for the best?

It is an Observation, which perhaps may have some Foundation in Truth, that *Suicide* has always been most in Request among the most brave and sensible People; that both the antient *Greeks* and *Romans* were famous for it; and under any great Misfortune believ'd it not only to be justifiable, but even Praise-worthy: But then it ought to be consider'd, that neither their Religion, nor the Laws of their Country, condemn'd it; nor did they apprehend any mischievous Consequences from it to the Community in general, since Self-Murther was confin'd almost wholly to their Heroes, to their Philosopers and great Men, and seldom extended itself to any of inferior Degree: But the Case with us is quite the Reverse of this; this Evil in *England* reigns chiefly among the middling Sort of People, and consequently may in Time spread to such a Degree, as to render it universal, if proper Precautions are not taken against it.

As for the great Men of these Days, they cannot think themselves unfortunate while they are in full Possession of every Thing that can administer to Ease, and to the Pleasures of this Life. The whimsical and imaginary Distresses that so frequently gave Occasion to the Heroes of Antiquity to destroy themselves, can make no Impressions upon the Moderns; and while we have our Health and Means where-withal to indulge and gratify our Appetites, we have more Sense than to disquiet ourselves with Evils of our own creating; the Poor, and those afflicted with Pain and Diseases, are in the present Way of thinking (and indeed very justly) the only unhappy.

Conscious Virtue, and the Satisfaction arising from a Life well-spent, are, without the Assistance of Religion, but indifferent Supports under the Pressure of Hunger, Poverty, and Want; Human-Nature must exert itself with all its Power to be able to sustain so severe a Trial; a just and reasonable Dependence on the Almighty, a perfect, intire Resignation to his Will, a firm Belief in having ample Recompence in another World, for what we patiently suffer in this Life, are the only Means to effect this, and in the greatest Extremity of Grief to make us look down with *Disdain* upon a Remedy, which No-body is to be excus'd for making Use of, but those who never heard of any other. *Therefore let us with* Job *wait with Patience till our appointed Time come.*

SATURDAY, *August* 16.

LAST Week five Felons under Sentence of Transportation in the Castle of *Oxford*, had found Means, by the Help of some proper Instruments privately convey'd to them, to break a very thick Wall, and also toget the Rivets of their Fetters off, and had determin'd at Night when they were to have been lock'd up to have murder'd the Keeper, and compleated their Escape; but were happily prevented by one of them, who discover'd their Design, being unwilling to add Murder to the Weight of their other Crimes.

Yesterday Morning early one of the Officers belonging to the Regiment of Train'd Bands which march'd out the preceding Day, was pick'd up by two Ladies in *Whitechapel* as he was returning home, and carried to a noted House in that Neighbourhood, where he stay'd some little Time; at his Departure two Fellows, together with the Women, set upon him, and robb'd him of his Gold Sash and Hat; however upon his calling for Help the Constable of the Night came, with Part of the Watch, and they were all four secur'd. 'Tis hoped this Accident will bring some Villainy to Light, as they are Part of a Gang, some of whom have been already at the *Old Bailey*.

The same Day *Joseph Williams* was committed to *Wood-street* Compter, for cutting, wounding, and stabbing *Anne Mace* in a barbarous Manner, with a Penknife, whereby she is in Danger of her Life, and her Child thereby dead within her, she being far gone.——The said *Anne Mace* ask'd *Williams* to go with her to a Tavern near *Sheer-Lane*, *Temple-Bar*, where she said that she was with Child by him, *&c.* upon which he took a Penknife out of his Pocket privately, and using some Familiarities which she was not a Stranger to, got his Hand under her Coats and ripp'd her up.

Yesterday a Man of near 60 Years of Age, who lately belong'd to *Botolph-Wharf*, was heard to mutter something to himself as he walk'd thro' *Harrow-Alley* in *Whitechapel*, and presently pulling out a Penknife, cut himself across the Throat; a Surgeon was immediately sent for, who sew'd up the Wound: Upon his being ask'd the Reason of attempting to murder himself, he said he chose rather to die at once, than be starv'd to Death, which he really expected; for there were some People, who seem'd resolv'd on it. 'Tis doubtful whether he will recover.

Preferment. The Right Hon. the Lord *Lovel* and *Edward Carteret*, Esq; Post-Masters General, have been pleas'd to appoint Mr. *Bickerton* of *Harwich*, to be Commissary of the Packets there, in the room of Mr. *Clements*, a Place reputed worth 400*l. per Annum.*

MONDAY, *August* 18.

Last Week a Pawn-Broker in *Long-Acre*, being convicted before a Justice of the Peace of receiving in Pawn the Regimentals of a private Grenadier in the Foot-Guards, four different Times, paid 20*l.* Fine for the same, *viz.* 5*l.* for each Offence, according to the Statute made for that Purpose.

Yesterday in the Afternoon a Messenger came to Town with the agreeable News, that five *East-India* Ships arriv'd in the *Downs* on Saturday Night richly laden, *viz.* the *Heathcote*, Capt. *Tolson*, and *Wilmington*, Capt. *Massey*, from *Bombay*; the *Montague*, Capt. *Gosfright*, from *Bengal*; the *George*, Capt. *Pitt*, and the *Duke of Dorset*, Capt. *Gilbert*, from *Fort St. George*. The *Montague* sail'd out of the *Downs* for *East-India* the 25th of *November*, 1732; the *Heathcote*, on the 14th of *March* following; the *George*, on the 4th of *November*, 1733; the *Duke of Dorset*, on the 5th of *January*, 1733; and the *Wilmington*, on the 27th of *March* following.

Major *Roach*, Governor *Pitt*, and Governor *Coen*, are arriv'd in the said Ships.

On Saturday last a Cook in *Ship-Yard* near *Temple-Bar*, was committed to the *Poultry* Compter, by Virtue of a Warrant granted against him by the Right Hon. Sir *William Thomson*, Knt. one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of *Exchequer*, for wilful and corrupt Perjury, in falsly swearing in the Behalf of *Macray*, condemn'd the last Assizes at *Kingston* for robbing on the Highway: He came to be Bail for a Person committed to *Newgate* for insulting Sir *William Billers*, and would have justify'd his Bail for 1500*l.*

The same Afternoon, a Constable being empower'd, by a Warrant from the Hon. Mr. Baron *Thomson*, to apprehend the Witnesses who gave Evidence for *Macray* upon his Trial at *Kingston* at the late Assizes, came to the House of Mr. *John Dampney*, a Jeweller in *Bedfordbury*, one of the said Witnesses, who being appriz'd of their coming, got out of the Garret Window, and clamber'd over several Houses, till he came to a Brandy-Shop at the End of *King-street* near *Covent-Garden*; where he got in at the upper Part of the House, but it being repairing, could get no lower than the two Pair of Stairs Floor, from whence being closely pursu'd, he jump'd out of the Window into the Yard upon some Rubbish, and walk'd thro' the Shop into the Street, where he was apprehended, and being carried before a Magistrate, after a long Examination was committed to the *Gatehouse*, under a Charge of wilful and corrupt Perjury.

Pat. Gaffney, who was on Thursday last committed to the said Gaol, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Silver Watch at the late Fire in *Long-Acre*, proves to be the Surgeon who swore at the said Assizes that he attended Mr. *Macray* in his Sickness.

Letters from *Launceston* of the 6th Instant say, that the Wednesday before, *Henry Rogers* and *John Street*, were executed at St. *Stephen's* for Murder committed in opposing the Sheriff of *Cornwall* in the Execution of his Office. *Rogers* confess'd one of the Murders, but was so far from thinking it a Crime, that he freely acknowledg'd on such an Occasion he could without Regret have kill'd all that oppos'd him; he was a Man of undaunted Courage, and caution'd the Spectators against going to Law on any Account: While he lay under Sentence of Death he receiv'd no other Nourishment than Bread and Water.

The Monopolizers of Corn have met with the greatest Disappointment by the Continuance of the fine Weather; Wheat being sold last Saturday at several Markets for 8*l.* and 8*l.* 10*s.* a Load, and the best for 9*l.* About six Weeks ago the same Sort of Grain was sold for 12*l.* a Load. There was a great Quantity of new Wheat in all the Markets.

Bankrupts. Edward Buckle, of the City of *Norwich*, Dyer.——*Thomas Chippendale*, of *Grantham* in *Lincolnshire*, Vintner.——*John Warner*, late of *Camberwell* in *Surrey*, Dealer in Glass and Chapman.——*Lamb Yeames*, now or late of *Ratcliffe-Cross* in *Middlesex*, Shipwright.——*Oliver Slocock*, late of *London*, Brewer.——*Samuel Ridwood*, of *Bristol*, Timber-Merchant.

TUESDAY, *August* 19.

Yesterday Morning about Eight o'Clock, a Fire broke out at a Chandler's Shop in the *Old Change*, *Cheapside*, occasion'd by a Stove-Chimney, which gave a terrible Alarm to that Neighbourhood, it joining to a Warehouse in *Carter-Lane*, in which was suppos'd to be several Barrels of Gun-Powder; but by the Diligence of the Neighbours it was extinguish'd without doing much Damage. 'Tis Pity but the Laws provided against keeping such dangerous Commodities in this City were strictly executed, for should such a Quantity of Powder take Fire any where in *London*, it would be impossible to judge of its dismal and calamitous Consequence.

There is now lying before the Lords of the Admiralty for their Approbation, a Method by which one Man only may, in any Weather, Night or Day, readily know the true Progress or Motion of a Ship at Sea, let the Tides and Currents be ever so opposite and strong; whereas the Log-line and all other Instruments and Methods hitherto used for that Purpose, have prov'd very erroneous, and even fatal to several great Admirals and other expert Mariners and Persons of Distinction, particularly to Sir *Cloudesley Shovel* upon the Rocks of *Scilly*, and since to Lord *Belhaven* at the *Lizard*.

On Thursday last the Assizes ended at *Glocester*, when the following Persons receiv'd Sentence of Death, *viz. Edmund Goodrich*, for the Murder of *Robert Gregory*, a Bailiff, by shooting him in the Thigh when he came to arrest him on an Action of Debt: he is order'd to be hung in Chains near *Cheltnam*; *William Dowell*, for feloniously entering the Dwelling-house of *William Walter*, and stealing thence 25*s.* *Christopher Graydon*, for robbing one *Daniel Holbrow* of 6*s.* *Jonathan Willis*, for breaking open the Dwelling-House of *Thomas*

Minty, and ſtealing a Pair of Buckskin-Breeches, and a white Dimity Waiſtcoat; *Nathaniel Willis*, Brother to *Jonathan Willis*, for ſeveral Robberies on the Highway, *&c.* *Sarah Tolly*, and *Sarah Baylis*, for the Murder of their Baſtard Children; the latter was found guilty of the Crimes perpetrated two ſucceeding Years on two of her Children.

Sarah Tolly, *Chriſtopher Graydon*, and *William Dowell*, are repriev'd.

Her Majeſty has been pleas'd to grant her Pardon to *Charles Emerſon*, who was Evidence at the late Aſſizes at *Stafford* againſt his Brother *Thomas Emerſon*, and two others, for Horſe-ſtealing: What is remarkable, theſe *Emerſons* had another Brother condemn'd at the late Aſſizes at *Kingston*.

Yeſterday Se'nnight one *Cheſter*, a Journeyman Taylor, from *Nampwich* in *Cheſhire*, ſet out to walk for a Wager (but ſmall at firſt, but ſince increas'd by Betts to very large Sums) from the *George* in the *Butcher-Row* to the lower *Flask* at *Hampſtead*, four Times every Day for a Week, and back again, meaſur'd to be 42 Miles a Day, and computed in the Whole at 252 Miles, which he finiſh'd on Saturday Night about a Quarter before Eleven. Several Attempts were made to diſappoint him, as Perſons falling down before him, treading on his Toes, endeavouring to trip up his Heels, *&c.* which ſo much enrag'd the Populace, that about a thouſand of them with lighted Links and Clubs, accompanied him in his laſt Walk from *Hampſtead* as a Guard, thro' an innumerable Company of Spectators. A Gentleman ſtanding in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* to ſee him come by, had his Pocket pick'd of a Silver Watch; the Fellow was immediately taken, and carried by the Mob to a neighbouring Horſe-pond, where he was well duck'd.

We hear that he ſet out Yeſterday, in order to perform the ſame again this Week, notwithſtanding he had Bliſters cut from his Feet bigger than a Crown-Piece. The Odds are two to one he does not perform it; and indeed he being ſo ſore, 'tis judg'd hardly poſſible.

Death. Laſt Week died at his Seat at *Headford* in the County of *Gallway* in *Ireland*, the Right Hon. *George* Lord *St. George*, Baron of *Hatley St. George* in the County of *Roſcommon*, Bart. and Vice-Admiral of the Province of *Connaught*.

Dr. Mead's *Receipt for the Cure of a Bite of a* Mad Dog.

LET the Patient be blooded at the Arm nine or ten Ounces.

Take of the Herb call'd in *Latin*, *Lichen cinereus terreſtris*, in *Engliſh*, *Aſh-colour'd Ground Liverwort*, clean'd, dry'd, and powder'd, half an Ounce.

Of black Pepper powder'd, two Drachms.

Mix theſe well together, and divide the Powder into four Doſes, one of which muſt be taken every Morning faſting, for four Mornings ſucceſſively, in half a Pint of Cow's Milk warm: After theſe four Doſes are taken, the Patient muſt go into the Cold Bath, or a Cold Spring or River, every Morning faſting, for a Month; he muſt be dipt all over, but not ſtay in (with his Head above Water) longer than half a Minute, if the Water be very cold: After this he muſt go in three Times a Week for a Fortnight longer.

The *Lichen* is a very common Herb, and grows generally in ſandy and barren Soils all over *England*. The right Time to gather it is in the Month of *October* or *November*.

WEDNESDAY, *Auguſt* 20.

John Cutt, a running Footman belonging to a Nobleman, ran on Monday Night laſt from *Groſvenor-Square* to the lower *Flask* at *Hampſtead* ſix Times for thirty Guineas. The Betts depending were more than 400*l.* Four Gentlemen well mounted and armed, went with him: The Wager was, to go ſix Times in 11 Hours; but he did it in ten Hours 17 Minutes. He began at Eight o'Clock in the Evening, and had done it at 17 Minutes after Six, to the Surprize of every Body: On Tueſday laſt, a Gentleman who won 300*l.* ſent him a handſome Preſent, and from another Gentleman he received ten Guineas the ſame Day.

Yeſterday Morning at One o'Clock, a young Gentleman of *Clement's-Inn*, ſet out from the *George* in the *Butcher-Row*, to walk to the *Flask* at *Hampſtead*, for a Wager of 30 Guineas, ſix Times thither and back again in 24 Hours, which is 63 Miles, which he perform'd in 20 Hours and about a Quarter.

Bankrupts. *Henry Marſham*, of *Norwich*, Cutler.——*John Cutting*, of *Stepney*, *Middleſex*, Brewer.——*Richard Sheafe*, of *Spicer-ſtreet*, *Spittlefields*, *Middleſex*, Victualler.

THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 21.

On Tueſday Night about Twelve o'Clock, *Macray* the Lawyer, condemned for robbing on the Highway, *Henry Sellon* a Miller at *Mitcham*, convicted for robbing on the Highway, *Joſeph Emerſon* and *John James*, alias *Black Jack*, condemn'd for entering the Houſe of *Jaſper Hale* of *Peckham*, Eſq; robbing and wounding him, *&c.* made a deſperate Attempt to break out of the New Gaol in *Southwark*, of which the following is an exact Account, *viz.* About half an Hour after Eleven o'Clock, whilſt the Turnkey and Watch were walking about the Yard, *Black Jack* call'd out to them, and ask'd what a Clock it was, to which being anſwer'd, he ſaid, *Lord have Mercy upon us*, and retired; all Things being then very quiet, the Turnkey return'd to the Lodge, after having given ſtrict Charge to the Watch to liſten to their Diſcourſe, or if they heard any Noiſe of Files going; he was no ſooner gone, but one of the Guard ſtealing ſoftly up Stairs to the Door, heard them at work upon their Irons, upon which he ran down into the Yard and fired one of his Piſtols, which alarm'd Mr. *Taylor* the Head Keeper, and his Turnkey, who came immediately with Aſſiſtance, arm'd with Blunderbuſſes, Piſtols, and Cutlaſſes; they went up to the Door and the Keeper call'd to them, asking what they were about, and ſpeaking to *Macray* in particular, deſired him not to make any deſperate Attempt, as he had always been civil to him, for that it was in vain, there being no Poſſibility of making their Eſcape, *Macray* reply'd, in their preſent deſperate Circumſtances he knew No-body, and deſir'd Mr. *Taylor* to retire, for as they were to die in ſo ſhort a Time, the firſt that offer'd to enter the Room was a dead Man; upon this Mr. *Taylor* order'd the Door to be unbolted, and open'd a little Way, which the Rogues no ſooner heard, but (thinking the Keepers were entering the Room, there being no Light) they let fly their Piſtols, diſcharging eight loaded with Ball, one of which graz'd on the Left Side of the Belly of *Lingard*, one of the Watchmen, but without much Damage; the ſaid *Lingard* then diſcharg'd a Blunderbuſs loaded with twelve Slugs againſt the Door, which was ſo thick and ſtrong that no Execution was done by it; however, the Villains having fired all their Piſtols, Mr. *Taylor* and his Guard ruſh'd upon them with their Cutlaſſes, attack'd them, and overpower'd them immediately: Mr. *Taylor* in this laſt Fray got a Wound in his Left Wriſt from one of his own Men, but undeſignedly, and *Lingard* was wounded in the Hand; this was all the Damage done on this Side: On the Part of the Malefactors, *Macray* receiv'd a Wound in his Head, and a deep Cut in the Arm, which diſabled him; *Sellon* is deſperately wounded in ſeveral Places, and *Emerſon* has receiv'd a Blow on the Top of his Head which has taken away one Side of his Face; but *James* had only a ſlight Wound or two: As ſoon as they were overpower'd, all imaginable Care was taken to ſecure them, and they were chain'd cloſe to the Ground, two in a Room, and handcuff'd: Mr. *Taylor* was very active and vigilant in the whole Affair, and encourag'd his Men by telling them he would ſooner loſe his Life than one ſhould eſcape.

One of the Turnkeys having threaten'd to kill *Emerſon* on the Spot, if he did not immediately tell him how they came by the Piſtols, Files and Saws, he ſaid a noted Gambler, or Money-dropper, at a certain Houſe in St. *George's-Fields*, was concern'd in it; upon which a Party went to the ſaid Houſe, and knocking at the Door a Perſon open'd a Window, asking who was there, when one of them anſwer'd in a low Voice, *'Tis* Macray *broke out of the New Gaol*, at the ſame Time jingling the two great Keys of the Priſon together, to reſemble the clinking of his Fetters; upon this the aforemention'd Money-dropper demanded the Key of the Door, and ran down Stairs immediately, over joy'd to let in *Macray*, (as he ſuppos'd) and was ſecur'd himſelf, and carried to the New Gaol.

One of *Macray's* Evidences at the *Old Bailey* being lately committed to the New Gaol for ſome Miſdemeanor, was alſo accus'd of being aiding and aſſiſting in this Affair, and is accordingly laid in Irons.

Sellon being ask'd how he came to be concern'd in ſo wicked a Conſpiracy againſt Perſons doing only their Duty, reply'd, *Macray* gave him a Piſtol in his Hand, and ſwore he would blow his Brains out if he did not aſſiſt; and they all laid the whole Contrivanee on *Macray*.

Some Time ſince, as ſome Labourers were cleaning a Fiſh-pond belonging to a Gentleman at *Hempſted* in *Hertfordſhire*, found a Bottle of Sack at the Bottom thereof, cover'd over with Mud a Yard thick, which prov'd very good, and by an Inſcription, wrote on the ſaid Bottle with a Diamond, appear'd to have been there 76 Years; the Inſcription was, *New Canary put in to ſee how long it will keep good, April*, 1659. *Ri. Combe.* The Mouth of the Bottle was wax'd over, but the Cork was almoſt decay'd.

Laſt Tueſday at Six o'Clock in the Afternoon ſome Fiſhermen, fiſhing for Salmon in the River *Thames*, over-againſt *Mortlack*, caught a Sturgeon of eight Foot long.

Yeſterday Morning at Four o'Clock, Mrs. *Williams*, Relict of the late Mr. *Paul Williams*, an eminent Corn-dealer in the Borough of *Southwark*, had the Misfortune to fall down Stairs at her Houſe in the ſaid Borough, as ſhe was going to her Daughter's Bed-Chamber, who was taken very ill, of which Accident ſhe broke her Neck and her Right Arm, and died about Ten o'Clock in a very miſerable Condition. An Eſtate of 300*l. per Annum* is to be divided among her three Daughters, the eldeſt of whom is dangerouſly ill, and attended by two Phyſicians.

Mr. *James Auſtin* of *Deptford*, was drowned on Tueſday laſt: He was the Maſter of the St. *John Baptiſt* Sloop. He pulled off his Cloaths and went to ſwim, but was ſeen no more till Yeſterday Morning, when he was found near *Pickle-Herring-Stairs*, *Southwark*.

Yeſterday three young Men were committed to *Newgate*, for breaking open the Houſe of Mr. *John Galloway* on Thurſday laſt in *Piccadilly*, and robbing the ſame of Goods and Plate to a conſiderable Value.

FRIDAY, *Auguſt* 22.

Yeſterday about One in the Afternoon, *Henry Sellon* in a Coach, attended by two Clergymen, *Macray*, *James* and *Emerſon* in a Cart, were carried from the New Gaol in *Southwark* to *Kennington-Common*, where they were executed purſuant to their Sentence. They all behav'd very penitent, and, 'tis ſaid, own'd the Facts for which they ſuffer'd; and after they were cut down, the Bodies of *Sellon* and *Macray* were deliver'd to their Friends, and thoſe of *Emerſon* and *James* were brought back to the New Gaol, and To-morrow will be hung in Chains on *Kennington-Common*, upon the Gibbet where two of *Blewit*'s Gang hung, for the Murder of Mr. *Ball* in the *Mint*.

There was the greateſt Crowd that perhaps was ever preſent at any Execution, and a great deal of Miſchief was done by Carts and Coaches breaking down.

Macray died a *Roman Catholick*: He had his Arm in a Sling, on Account of the Wound he receiv'd in the Scuffle on Tueſday Night.

The Priſoners were guarded to Execution by a Party of Foot-Guards, with their Bayonets upon their Pieces, to prevent any Attempt that might be made to reſcue them.

'Tis now ſaid, that the laſt Hand has been put to the Marriage Treaty between his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* and the Princeſs of *Saxe-Gotha*, a moſt beautiful Princeſs of about 18 Years of Age; and that her Highneſs is preparing to ſet out from her Father's Court with a handſome Retinue for the *Hague*, where his Majeſty will meet her in his Return from his *German* Dominions, and bring the Princeſs and her Ladies in the Royal Yachts over to *Great Britain*, in order to her Eſpouſals.

And 'tis ſaid, that this Royal Marriage is fix'd for the 29th of *October* next, being the Day preceding his Majeſty's Birth-Day, or ſoon after.

They write from *Deal*, that a very melancholy Accident happen'd there on Tueſday Night laſt, *viz.* Mr. *Denn*, a Shop-keeper there, telling his Money after Candle-Light, a Spark fell into ſome Gunpowder (which he had for Sale) and blew up the Houſe: His own Bowels were blown out of his Body; two Children are yet miſſing, and his Wife had her Leg broke.

Death. On Wedneſday laſt died, on the Debtors Side of *Newgate*, *John Manby*, Eſq; formerly Under Sheriff for the County of *York*: He was one of the Executors of Mr. *Rhodes*, the Bookſeller in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and had a Trial the laſt Term for ſeveral hundred Pound with ſome of that Family, but was nonſuited.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM *Ferrara* of the 10th, that on the 5th the *Spaniards* ſtormed an Outwork of *Mirandola*, but were repulſed with conſiderable Loſs: That the next Day they left off firing, to advance their Cannon nearer the Place; ſince which the Fire had been very brisk.

From *Mantua*, of the ſame Date, that they had happily diſcovered a dangerous Conſpiracy, whereof one *Nicholas Bighelini* was the Author: This Man drew a Plan of the moſt defenceleſs Places of *Mantua*, and ſent them by his Father, an Inhabitant of *Verona*, to the Generals of the Allies, to whom he likewiſe communicated all that paſſed in that City, by the ſame Canal: That *Bighelini* was hang'd the 9th, and afterwards quartered. His Father and Nephew were alſo hang'd in Effigie: The latter was at *Mantua*, but fled for it. One *Nicholazzo* was alſo to have been executed as an Accomplice; but having made a frank Declaration of all that he knew of the Treaſon, was pardoned under the Gallows.

Warſaw, *Auguſt* 10. N. S. The following Declaration of the Czarina has been publiſhed here by her Czarian Majeſty's Plenipotentiary Miniſters, on Account of the enſuing Dyet of Pacification, *viz.* That her *Imperial* Majeſty of all *Ruſſia* has ſufficiently demonſtrated, that the Welfare of the Republick of *Poland* is almoſt as dear to her, as that of her own Empire, and that ſhe will always perſiſt in the ſame Sentiments, whatever may happen: That ſhe did not ſend her Army into *Poland* with any other Aim or View, but on Account of a violent Attempt upon the Treaties concluded in 1686 and 1717, between the *Ruſſian* Empire and the Republick of *Poland*: That her Majeſty repeated the ſame now, which ſhe has already frequently notified by her Manifeſto's, Edicts, and Declarations, to wit,

1. That ſhe will never deſire one Penny for all the Expences ſhe has been at in this preſent War. 2. That ſhe pretends not to keep one Inch of Ground of the Republick's Lands. 3. That ſhe will withdraw her Troops out of *Poland* as ſoon as the Peace is re-eſtabliſhed therein, and King *Staniſlaus* excluded the Throne for ever. It is ſaid therein, that her Majeſty's Intention, with Regard to the latter Point, is not to be ſhaken; that ſhe has declared not only to the Maritime, but alſo to all the other Powers, by her Miniſters reſiding at their reſpective Courts, that ſhe will never ſuffer K. *Staniſlaus*, her Enemy, to mount the Throne of *Poland*, was ſhe to hazard all for it.

It is inſinuated afterwards, That *France* by ſending ſo few Troops to the Aſſiſtance of *Dantzick*, and turning them all to *Italy* and the *Rhine*, had made it plainly appear, that ſhe had not the Affairs of *Poland*, but the pulling down the Houſe of *Auſtria*, in View. It touches alſo upon certain Princes who profited but little by their Alliance with *France*.

Monday (September 1.) will be Publiſhed,

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